

Iesu chryste be dynnis kyng
 Grant vs all his blisshyng
 And bryng vs til his bowler
 And gyt tyeam lyllyng that will heir
 Of widaris that befor vs weir
 That luffe in grete honour
 I will yow tell of a knyght
 That was halde hardy i wyght
 And thyte in ilke flour.
 Dubare ony deidis of armys weir
 The grete dynnis with honour cleir
 And cur in feilde the flour
 In till arte as was he borne
 So was his faour hym beforne
 Herbyn I will yow lay
 Dubare deidis of armys war lent
 With the Erl is he went
 In dem barthe nyght i day
 Sir pynlamour the Erl byght
 Sir eglemor that callit the knyght
 Was curtas cur i ay
 For the Erlome he hade in halde
 Of deidis of armys he was halde
 With na man sayis he nay
 The Erl has na chyld bot one
 A doghter quyte as ony bane
 That his ayr lounde be
 Cristobell is hir name
 A fayrar lady of blode i bane
 Was neuer in cristynce
 Sir eglemor a hym bare

In all this Worlde he luffit nane mare
 Than that lady fre,
 So ranly barthe day & nyght
 So dois the lady þ nobill knyght
 Je was the mare pete
 Schir eglemo: gert cry.
 Deidis of armys wytterly
 For luff of cristabell
 Quhat maner of man þ Walde hyr haf,
 Syt dyntis he tham gaffe
 That doys tham ever to duell
 Thus it fell anys on a day
 Till his squyar can he say
 In cham þu quhat thai rest
 Dellamy & you Walde lane
 Of a thyng I Walde the frane
 Thou Walkeis est & West
 Sir he sayis þ my fay
 Quhat sum ever to me þe say
 I all it neuer outh call.
 The Erllis doghter la gode me sat
 The luf of hyr bot gif I haf
 My lyfe than haf I lost
 As sir sayis the squyar fre
 þe haf talde me your prevace
 I all you mah answare
 þe ar a knyght of lytill lande
 Takkis noght ill till onderstande
 For methill Walde haf mare
 Ande say I till that lady la
 Till a scourne scho Will it ta

And lyghely lat me fare
 The man that hellys ower her.
 The pale well fall in his
 Sa faill is it wyde ouer quare
 Set yho woght on lyt a thyng
 Thare wo wys byr Empriour & kyng
 And outhis that ar halde
 Etilis & baronys alla
 The lady kepis name of cha
 Dor in gudelynes byr halde
 Wyll byr fauer be hevyntis kyng
 That byr lyt byt lyt a thyng
 full dere it waide be salde
 That euer scho soude a kyng for sake
 Syne a symull knyght to take
 Dor gyl thare lust war alde
 Than answerts y knyght sa mylde
 Squy ar len thou was a chyld
 Thou has bene masse with me
 In deidis of armys & many flour
 Quare herde thou euer my dishonoure
 Say furthe sa gode sak the
 May sir be goddis myght
 yhe ar baldyn the doghtyall knyght
 Of ony in cristynte
 In deide of armys be gode of liff
 yhour body is worthe lic oyl: lyfe
 Grant mercy sir sayde he
 The knyght sythe & sayde na mare
 till his chamur can be fare
 That ryghely was woght

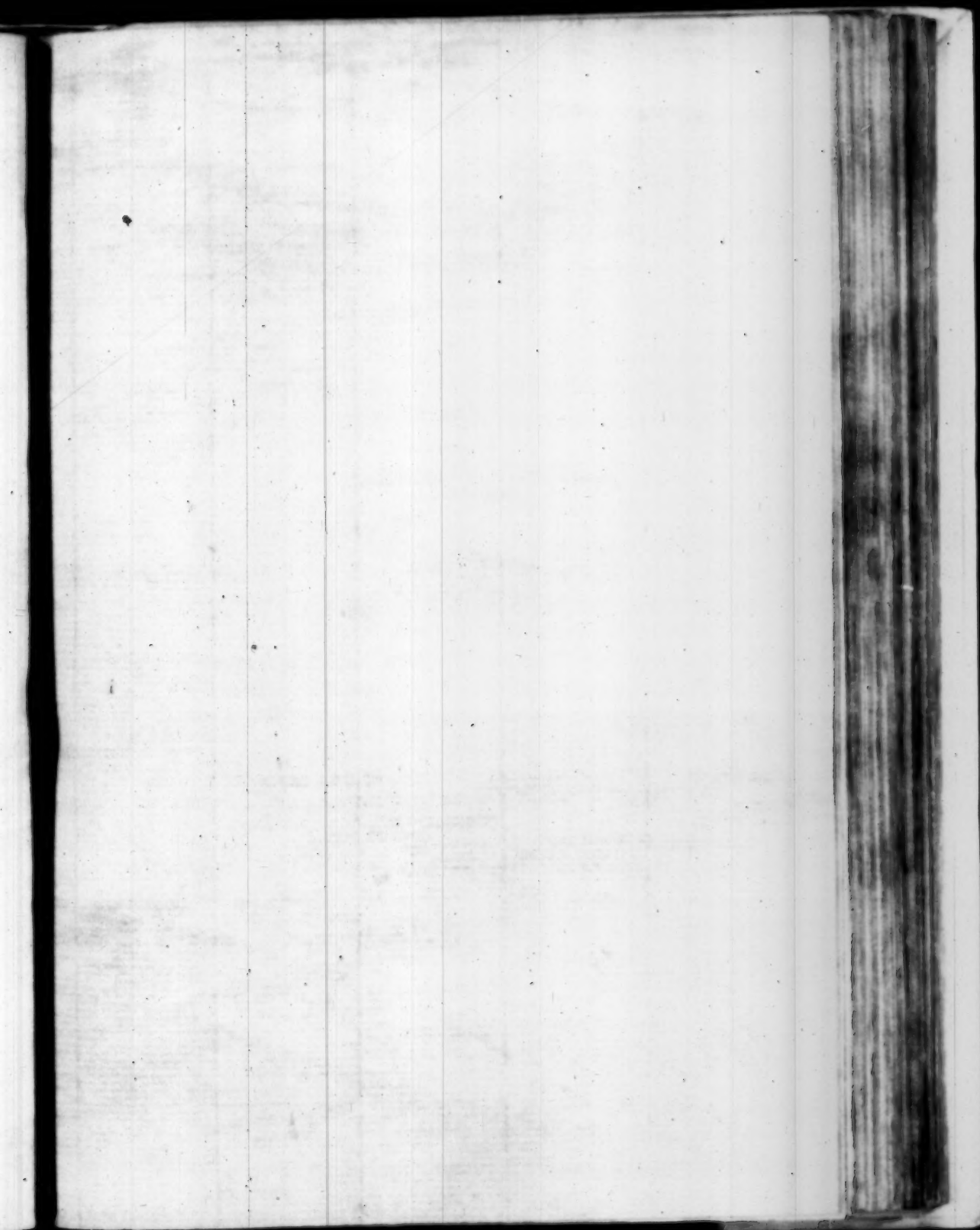
Till crylle his handis by helle lone
 Thysle chan tyde me of my bone
 On rude as thou me boghte
 The Erllis doghter say: a fre
 That scho myght myne a Wne be
 That masse is in my thoghte
 That I myght Wedde hy: to my Wyll
 Andiois hy: in all my lyll
 Off care than War I broghte
 On the moyn I madyn small
 Before hy: fader in the hall
 Among this byrdis byrghte
 Ilke gentill man semblit: bot bee
 The lady sayde for goddis pere
 Quhar is lit eglemo: my tnyghe
 His lauyer sayis With symyll chere,
 He his keyter dede full nere
 He prayis yhold of a lpyghe
 For he is callyn in lik care
 Bot yhe hym mende of his care
 He bydis noght oure a nyght
 The Erll than till his doghter spak.
 Danyfell for crillis sake
 berthyn quhar I the say
 Efter met do as the beinde
 Till his chamur luke at thou Wende
 He serdyt Ws mony day
 Treudy efter wyne entent
 In fulkyng nain turnament
 He sayde Ws neuer nay
 Quhare ony deidis of armys Were

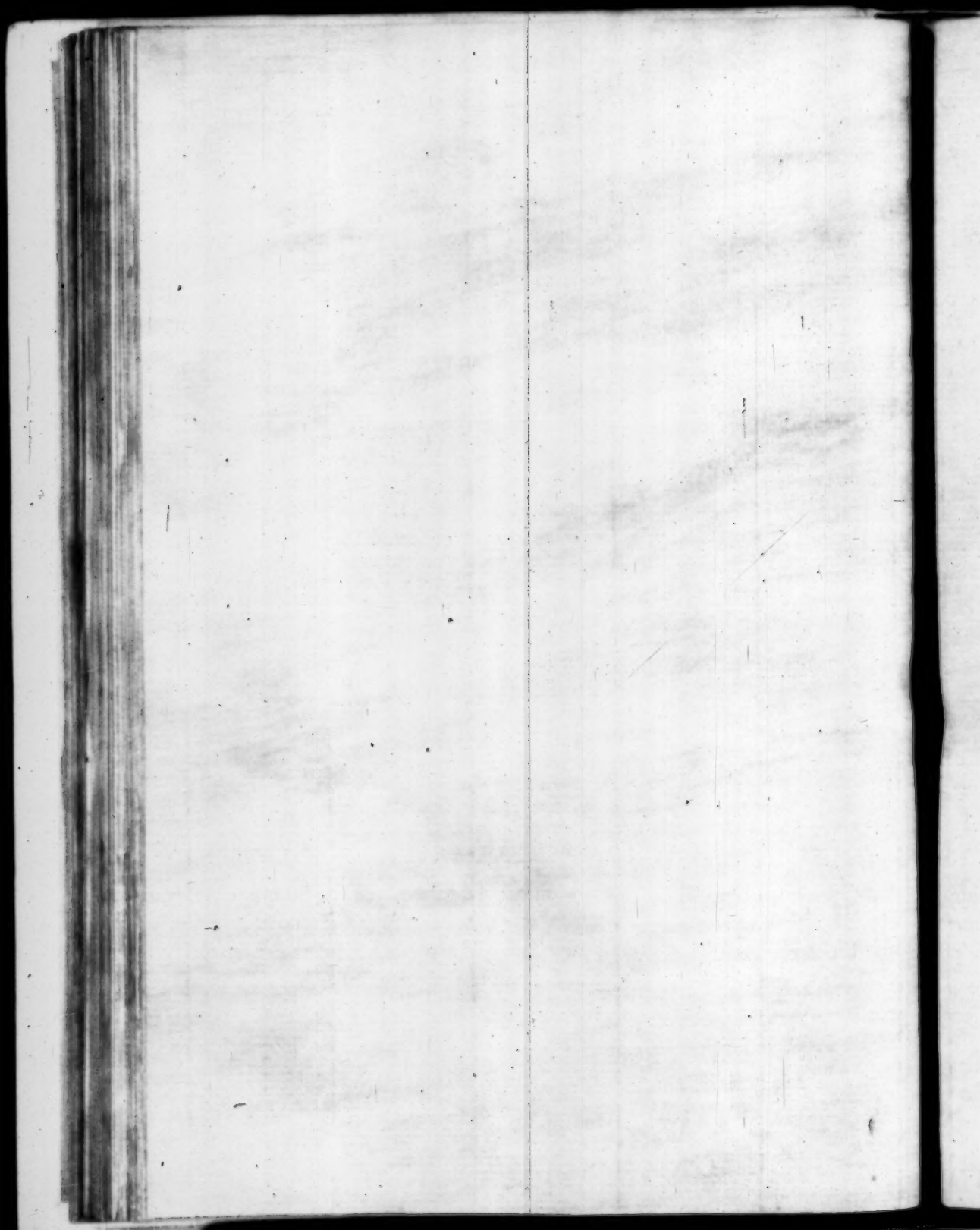
The grete Wymnis Wyth honour dete
 Now help hym gyf thou may
 After met the lady went
 To do hyr fader comaundment
 Scho but his hyr to Wende,
 Wyth hyr tute scho madynnis twa
 Till his chamur for to ga
 And confort has he cane
 He talde me i my maydynis heynde
 That he Walde to the reuer Wende
 Wyth his halhis alkane
 The Erll sayde Wyth outyn le
 I will Wende to le tham le
 For confort of that knyght
 On the morn quhen it was day.
 Sir eglemor tute the way
 Till the reuer bryght
 The Erll buskete i made hym yhare,
 And bathe that rade to p renare
 To le plembylyght
 All that day that made gude chere
 A Wretche began as yhe may heire
 Lang or it was nyght
 As that Went hame wart be the way
 The knyght can the Erll pia
 Sir Will yhe me heire
 Sir he sayde p my lay
 Dubat is euer yhe to me say
 It is me lesse i dete
 For the doghty all knyght art thou

In all my lande þ J Water nold
 Dyt: befer or ner
 Syr he layde for cherite
 Cristabel yhour doghter fre
 Duben sall scho haf a fere
 The Erll layde la gode me latte
 Jkna W na man þ scho Will haf
 Wy doghter bryghe of ble
 Gude lre J yhou pray
 J haf yhon sermte hys mony day
 ye Wyche hy: lat on me
 The Erll layde be goodis payn
 Will thou hy: Wyn as J the layn
 Withe deidis of armys the
 Tho W sall haf my doghter der
 And all arteas fer i ner
 J balde thar to layde be
 The knyght layde la mot J the
 At my iornay foun Walde J be
 He buskpt i made hym bane
 the Erll layde here betwess
 Agyande has a fap: fowess
 Syr la W J neuer nane
 Wyth lypyr treis fair i lang
 Hertis rynande thare a mang
 The fap: ell on fute may gane
 Sir Walde the bryng me ane alway
 Sir knyght than do Wess J hardely lay
 At the hade bene thare
 Pety: layde the knyght than
 Oyt be be a cristen man

I sall hym neuer for sake
 The Erll sayis be mary clere
 Thou sall segge thare with thi sere
 A chyld men callit arrak
 The knyght spoghe than on cristabell
 And swaie be hym that herie hell
 That deide I vndertake
 hepe weill my lady: my lande
 Thare to the Erll helde by his hande
 And troucheis lūyn thai strake
 Eftre met as I herde say
 Sir eglemo: take the way
 To that lady fre
 He sayis damysell on aue
 For thi luf I haf vndertane
 Deidis of armys thre
 Scho answerde sir ma the glad
 A hardare iournay neuer thou hade
 In lande no na cūtre
 For: thou fra thi iournays pas
 For my luf thou sall say alas
 And mony mourn for: the
 Sir in bountying gif thou foundis
 I all the gyf .ii. gude grete boundis
 As don as ony da
 As I am trewe genyll woman
 Was neuer beste that thai at ran
 On fute thai walde it sa
 A gude swerde I sall gif the
 Was fundyn in the grete see
 Et tham I knaw na ma

Sir pat thou hap to Weilde se Well
 Thare is na helm of Jme & stell
 Na it Will throu it ga
 The knyght kylle the lady gent
 He take his leif & fourthe he Went
 His iornay has he tane
 A bee strete he baldis fast
 Dubill he come till a fair forest
 Syt la W he neuer rane
 Syt beuys hyng ande oute
 The Wood Was Wallyt all aboute
 Ryght rychely With stane
 Furthe he rade J vnoir stane
 And loune a ybett thar he fande
 Thar in the knyght is gane
 He blew his borne in that ryde
 Hartis rale on euer ille syde
 A nobill dere he chaffe
 His boundis .ii. the dere can sa
 That berde the gyande quhare he lay
 That ralyt hym of his rest
 He thynk Wondir that J beire
 Thar is a thecffe Walde slele my dere
 Hym vbar Weill better les
 De hym that War the crowne of thome
 Hym hade better bene on borne
 He boght neuer derraie mes
 Arak the gyande take the Way
 Tyll the forest quhare he in lay
 J Wyll be lytlyt ill
 Sir eglemor is doune to dede





Sir eglemau vnder ane ake
Thill on the morne can he wake
The son rafe fair i schane
In the forest four the he die wogh
Of the bare he berde a lough
Dunhill ner Wode can he gane
Ryghe helmis he fande al quhare
That men of armys hade bene thare
At that bare hade slane
Till a cut than drawis he
He la to the bare cum fra the see
His moune deynh hade he fane
The bare la to quhare he stude
He tuler his tultis as he war Wode
Til hym he come on lyde
The knyght Wemy well to do
With a spere he rydis hym to
Als fast as he may ryde
Al thoghe he rade neuer la fast
His gude lyere on hym he brast
Du tute most hym a byde
The knyght la to he most a byde
Til a bank he set his lyde
Among chir holtis hayre
His gude luerde he drew syn
And saghe fast with that wyde Wyne
The dayis i mare
The byng than layde he goddis myghe
Je war grete syn with the so fyghe
Di ellis the for to tene
For thou has foghtyn with a bare

Has Walkyt far i Wyde quhare
 That we all has lene
 I haf Wytryn sen I was ray
 He has slayne fyfry on a day
 Weill armyt knyghtis lene
 Met i drynk fourthe thai broghe
 the riche Wyne thay waryt noghe
 Dubyte clat his thai spede
 The kyng sayde say: la mot I the
 I will go w dyne for luff of the
 for thou has bene harde stode
 So help me gode the knyght sayis
 I haf foughtyn thy: iiii. dayis
 And noghe a fute hym fied
 The kyng sayde sir I pray the
 All nyghe þ thou walde duell with me
 And rest the in a bed
 Ester dyner as I herde say
 the kyng sayth can hym pray
 Of quhat lande that he was
 He sayde my name is antorow
 I duell with sir prinlamour
 The gude Erll of arras
 Knyghtis ner the kyng die w
 this is the knyght þ arras se w
 The gyandis broder marras
 Onde sir he sayde þ cherite
 thy: iiii. dayis thalw duell with me
 fra me or thou pas
 there is a gyande here belyde
 My doghter that is metull of pride

He Will hyr haf me fra
 I dar neuer Wende far oure
 Dot men of armys be me aboute
 Sa kelloWne is he my fa
 the bare that thou has slayn here
 He has bene Weill froe this .xv. yhere
 Cuslyn men to la
 Now is he Went With sorow I migh
 To erde his broder þ thou slugh
 That euer mare Worthe hym wa
 Till bertyn this bare thai Went þ fyde
 thare Was na knyfe on hym Walde lyte
 So harde of hyde Was he
 Schyr antowds sen thou hym sleugh
 Thou may hym brettyn Weill inugh
 Gyt that thi Willis be
 the knyght to þ bare is gane
 He cleuyt hym be the rig bane
 It Was grete ioy to le
 He layde lordis I gert hym fall
 Gyt me the hede tak yhou hym all
 yhe Wate that is myne fe
 The kyng layde la gode me laf
 Of this bare quhat yhe Will haf
 yhe hym boght full dere
 Efter carttis thai sende sone
 Thai Went hame a gayne þ none
 The Cete Was tham ner
 All hale þ courte Was full fayn
 That þ Wythyt bare Was slayn
 And made a riale there

The quene sayde gode kepe vs fra schame
 What tyme the gyande clys hame
 Now fyrhandis sall yhe bepre
 A gaynis edyn the kyng gert dighe
 A grete barthe for the nobill knyght
 Of herbis that war gode
 Sir eglemor: chare in lay
 Till on the morn y it was day
 That men to marynnis yhude
 De that the kyng hade berde his men
 De tha the gyande clyn was
 Oriande as he war wode
 He sayde sir kyng sende oute to me
 Oganatha thi doghter fre
 O: I sall spill thi blude
 Sir eglemor: on ane ryghte
 Armyt hym in armys bryghte
 And till the Wallis went he
 He comandyt asquyare for to bere
 The baris bede apon a spere
 That the gyande myghte se
 He lukyt on the baris bede
 Allas my bare now art thou dede
 Othill was my frast in the
 De the lay that I liffin
 Wy litill spottyt boglyn
 Dere boght thi dede sall be
 The gyande on the Wallis bang
 Till at the fyre fast oute sprang
 For na man walde he spare
 Till the castell can be cry

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 Fals tracontis yhe sall bere by
 The slaying of my bare
 yhour stane wallis I sall down dyng
 Syne wyth my handis I sall yhou byng
 Fra this place or I fare
 Not throu the grace of gode almyghte
 the gyande hade his fill of feghte
 The buke layis him dele mare
 Sir eglemor was noght abayse
 On goddis help was all his traill
 And on his werde la byght
 Auenture sayde the kyng than
 I rede we arme us like man
 yhoue sende will felly feghte
 The knyght sweris be the rids
 I sall assayppin war be wode
 Wethyll is goddis myght
 Heridis a colwrs assayis his sleide
 He take his helme i fourthe he yheoe
 All praye thai for that knyght
 Sir eglemor the feilde says
 The gyande sald i till hym gays
 Art spold clyn my fere
 Thou art ane p lew my bare
 Thou sall for hyne or you hyne fare
 And by it wounder deire
 The knyght wens well to do
 With a spere he ridis hym to
 He man of armys cleire
 A gaynis hym be makis hym boune
 Hors i man he strake all doune

That lord so dede full ner
 the knyght couthe than na better rede
 Duben þe is nobillsteide was dede
 On fute he can hym tane
 Her hande þe gyande can he ga
 The ryght arme he strake hym fra
 Ryght be the schulder bane
 Thoght þe gyande hade lost his hande,
 All day he stude fast feghtande
 Till þe son rest hade tane
 Spicanyl with outyn lee
 He has la feghtyn he may noght dre
 Lyfe lestis in hym name
 All that on the Wallis Were
 Duben that herde þe gyande rare
 For ioy bellis that ring
 Edmonde was þe kyngis name
 He layde Antrous be lancelame
 Ryght her thou shalt be kyng
 To moine crowneyd sal thou be
 And thou shalt wedde my doghter fre
 Wyth a swyll ryche ring
 He answeris a gayne la mylde
 Schyr gode gyf yow loy of your chylde
 For here may I noght leynde
 Sir knyght than for thi doghter deide
 I sall the gyf a full gud stide
 Is rede as ony rone
 In batell na in toarnment
 Thou sal theste na dedis byne
 Dubill thou syttis hym one

Organatha þ Weite rhyng
Sayde sir I sall gyf þ a rying
Wych ane la riche flane.
Duhare euer thou stādis on wafter or lāde
Duhill this rying is on thi hande
Thou sall neuer be slayne
He sayde gode yhelde þ laas fre
Sir icho sayde I sall byde the
xv. yhere Will thou me Wedde
Trenly la gode me lass
Kying na duke I Will noght haß
Thoght beþe cilly cleode
He sayde damysell þ mefay
De than I sall Wye þ to lay
How that I haß spode
He tūke the gyandis hede i the bare
And hame till arteas can be fare
The Way þ cryße hym leode
De aught Wokis War chyn till ende
In lande of arteas can be leynde
And to the Erll can fare
All bot the Erll that War full sayne
In quert þ he Was chyn a gayne
Hym Welcūyt les i mare.
And cristabell quhytt as same
Herde tell þ knyght Was cūyū hame
A gayne hym made hys yhare
And sayde gode sir how haf yhe farne
Damysell I trauale yharne
To bryng ws bathe of care
The knyght trysyt þ lady gent

In till the hall chais he went
 The riche Erll to reyne
 he dedis sua before hym layde
 To lord p knyght layde
 In soldan hat J beyne
 The Erll answered as he war wa
 What may na devill the la
 De sancti bone la J beyne
 Thou art dowlne J understande
 to Wyn all Artras of my hande
 My doghter bryght i schene
 The knyght layde sa mot J the
 Noght bot gyf J Worthy be
 Help gode for that is best
 The Erll layde lyk chais myght fall
 That ane myght cu Wolde quye all
 War thou never la prest
 No W gude lord J the pray
 ro. Wotis thou gyf me day
 My banya for to rest
 Throu la W of armys i gentill men
 ro. Wotis he gaf hym than
 Na langer Walde he fyrst
 Shit eglemor: effir souper
 To cristabellis chamur can be spere
 Thare fortya bynt full bryght
 The lady that was of metill pride
 Set hym on hyr dedde syde
 And layde Welcum iir knyght
 Sa gracionly he can hyr tell
 Of dedis of armys p hym be tell

That thare be buelt all nyghe
Dampzell sa þat I speede
With grace of gode I sall the wedde
And thus thare trouthe þat plyghe
De. xv. Wolke was clyn : gane
Crisabel thar was quyte as fane
All falo wox þir bed
Scho layde my chamur madynis fre
Sen that yhe wate my perbate
Like weill that yhe be trew
The Erll than with o weyn mare
Sayde do sir buske : mak the yhare
Thi iornay clys a l ne w
Quhen crisabell herde thi cythandis lay
That lady murnys nyghe : day
That all wyghtis may þir re w
The Erll sayde be grete come as I herd tell
Thare byggis a worne bathe bytter : sell
For luche as I heyre say
The sende is of la metill renoune
Thare dar na man all ner the towne
De. vii. myle of way
Arise the weill chioder thou wende
Like that thou sa hym wyth thi hande
Or ellis thou say me nay
Sir Erll I þat doune porntis tha
With goodis myght I sall do ma
Or ellis ende thare for ay
Sir eglemor to chamur gays
His leif at crisabell he rays
Was quyte as flour in feilde

He layde thare is a poynt vndounne
 I sall gang ande cum full sounne
 With help of mary mylde
 A gude golde ryng I sall gyf the
 Kepe it weill my leman fre
 Oyf criste the sendis a chylde
 Thus in romans as we say
 To grete Rome he takis þ way
 to seke this dragonne Wylde
 Thus þ knyght doys as þ heynde
 On his way cū he wende
 to seke this dragonne balde
 Thoght he war neuer sa hardy a knyght.
 Of þ womme quē he hade syght
 His hart began to falde
 The womme wok rþ wonder wrache
 He strake hym i his hors backe
 fill the grounde full calde
 The knyght ras vp on his seite
 he Wylde Womme he began to meite
 With stythe strakis i balde
 It is grete doute With þ heynde
 That machyt hym With that foull fend
 Helpe hym that was salde
 The sende schot fyre With bydyns fare
 He myght be lythynnis to lucifer
 War new cūyn oute of hell
 the doghter knyght lth fens can mak
 That half his stang fra hym he strake
 the sende began to ybell
 With þ stump þ Was hym leuyt

He strake þ knyght in to the bede
 A wyrtre strake a fell
 And syne þ knyght ner can hym ga
 The woundys bede he strake hym fra
 For lufte as I yhold tell
 Darthe his weyngis he dyde alla
 And cleuyt his rigbane in twa
 And wan the feyde that day
 The Emproure of Rome lay on his tounre
 Dehelde the knyght sir eglenore
 till his men can be lay
 Gertis cry in rome þ wounde is layn
 That has a knyght done hym allane
 Perthy þ mesay
 In grete Rome that gert cri
 Ilke officer in his balydory
 The wounde is dede this day
 the Emproure lone takis þ way
 Till þ feilde quare the knyght lay
 Desyde þ lathely thyng
 And all that euer myght ryde or ga
 Sir eglenore vp to fa
 And hame that can hym byng
 For grete Joy þ the wounde was layne
 Procelhon clys þ knyght a gayne
 Full baldely bellis that ryng
 The Emproure tha gert draw hym hame
 Sir constantyne was his name
 A loude of grete lovyng
 All that saw þ knyghtis bede
 Sayde fertainly he wold be dede

That knyght sir eglemore
 The emptoure has a daughter beghte
 Has undertane to bele the knyght
 Hir name is diuinauor
 With hyr handis scho helis his hede
 And sauyt the gude knyght fra the dede
 That loude of grete valor
 Wyth hym scho thoght to lif inle
 Dot fra scho la wile walde noght be
 In hart scho hade doloure,
 Sone in worde clyn to artas
 That the worne dede was
 A knyght than has hym slayne,
 Sa lang in lechyng can he ouell
 A say: knast: cyloe hade cristabell
 Was quhyte as quhalis bane
 The Erll lone made his aldow
 Doghter to the see sail scho
 In a schyp be y allane
 Chi yhoung ion sail be chi fere
 Cristyndome sail be name hat here
 Hyr maydynnis wepis ilkane
 Lette we sir eglemor here
 And speke we of his dere
 That wilsum way yode
 Hyr maydynnis can in swoun fall
 Sa oye hyr heit frendis all
 That hyr walde ony gude
 Scho layde gude sir Jyho pray
 Lattis a prelle a gospel say
 For unbelis on the clude

Scho ladye maydynis of chammur la fce
 Grete weill my lord quhen the hym is
 That wepyt as that war wone
 The lady orybis barbe nyght & day
 till a rocpe J herde ay
 Quhare Wyldre bestis can leynde
 Scho Was full fayn J understande
 Scho Wende it hade bene mayn lande
 And by et an can scho Wende
 Na thyng lande the lady chaire
 Wor ics toulys that Wyldre Ware
 Fall sleande fra hyr bande
 Agrefon come in ali hyr care
 Hir yhoung ion fra hyr be bare
 Till a cunre vnkende
 The lady syghyt & layde allace
 In lande that euer J borne Was
 Wy chylde is tane me fra
 Agrefon layis the buke he hyght
 In lande of israel can he hyght
 That Wroght the lady Wa
 The kyng of israel in hountyng Wene
 And la W weill quhare the foull is tent
 Sone ner hym can he ga
 He strake on the chylde With his bill
 He cryit & gaf hym till
 He ras & left hym Wa
 The gentill kyng till hym can pas
 In szarlat mantill Wappyt he Was
 With an riche pau
 The chylde Was large of lyme & lyght

A goldyn gyrdill halldyn with
 Was neuer sa riche name
 The kyng wheris be the rude
 The chyld is clyn of gentill blude
 Onhate euer he was tane
 And for he fra the greteon fell
 That callit hym yholung degrebell
 Was left in willum wane
 the kyng leuþ his falowys þe
 hame with the chyld can he ride
 That fra þe grype he hyn
 Madame he lade to the quene
 I haf full oft in solace bene
 To day gode has me leut
 Of the chyld scho was full blythe
 Ester nyght scho sent full wythe
 his spys was lang & gent
 Lett we now this gentill chyld
 And speke we of his moder mylde
 Onhat lande that gode hyr sent
 All nyght on the roche þe lady lay
 A gude wynde rase agaynis the day
 Hir fra the crag couthe drye
 Scho hade noþir mast na rudyr
 Not ilke stourne stathare na oþyr
 Strangly on hyr couthe stryke
 As the grete buke of rome sayis
 For outyn met or drynht bit, dayis
 A mang thyr vgly clewys
 De the, viss, day at none,
 Ihesu sende hyr so wecour lone

In Egypt vp scho rydys
 The kyng of Egypt lay in his court
 Depeide þe schyp þe throu grete flour
 Lay brokyn on the lande
 He comaundyt a squyer fre
 Ga lute quhat in yhone schyp may be
 The flour he has broght to lande
 Hydder the squyer went full tyte
 On the schyp burde can he lymte
 A lady vp can stande
 Scho lay i lymt byr to the burde
 For febilnes scho myght noght speke a word
 Dot made synis with byr hande
 The squyer wyll noght quhat scho mynt,
 A gayn to the kyng heis went
 And knetyr do wne on his lme
 Loude in yhone schyp na thing thare is
 Dot a woman be lytlynes
 And verraly scho luthis on me
 A freliche lady of flesche i bane
 A fayraire la w I neuer name
 Outane yhour lady fre
 Scho makis synis with byr hande
 At scho is of ane opyl lande
 Sa far be yhounde the see
 Schyr marmadok beght the kyng
 He went to see þe suete chyrng
 And to the schyp he gays
 To þe lady quhyte as fame
 He hade byr speke in goodis name
 A gayne the kyng scho rale

That cilly lady that was mylde
 Scho hade la wepyt for hyr chyldre
 That ner spylet icho was
 Till þe to wne that hyr ledde
 Delycious mettis that hyr bedde
 With gude will scho tham rays
 To þe lady spekis the kyng
 Subare was thou borne thou suete thyng
 That is la bygght of ble
 Lo:de in arteas borne I was
 Sir prinlanure my fader is
 Is lo:de of that cuntre
 It befell me anys on a day
 I & my maydynnis went to play
 We a hyde of the see
 The wynde was lyght a bare thare stude
 I & my squyer in we yride
 Unkyrtlyn man was he
 On lande I left my maydynnis all
 My squyer can on slepe fall
 My mantill on hym I dreughe
 Smyt scornys than rafe me one
 This aught dayis met gat I none
 That wroght me all this woght
 A greton come in my malle care
 My rho wng squyer fra me he bare
 Southe est with hym he thought
 The kyng & ayde dany sell mak gude chere
 Thou art my broder doghter dere
 For: ioy on hym scho la woght
 Now is sir eglemo: hale & sounde

And recoveryt of his Wonde
 And hamewart Maide he pas
 The Emprour he can hym blis
 His doghter & the Empus
 Cristabell was made in his thoght
 The Wormys hede forghet he noght
 On his spere he it bare
 The Erll herde tell I vnderstande
 That fyr eglema: was cilande
 With that Wormys hede
 A lqwyer gais a gayne hym lone
 Lorde all thus the Erll has done
 faye cristabell is dede
 A man chylde than has scho borne
 The Erll has als his list forlome
 He was bathe quhyte & rede
 In a schyp done war that wa
 And with the Wallis lacyng a
 He wonyt in that tyde
 Derr gode sayde that lorde la fre
 Dubare may the gencill Women be
 In chamur with hyr that was
 The squyer and werre than full lone
 fra scho to the see was done
 Ithane ther way can pas
 The knyght went lone to the hall
 A mang thir gencill lordis all
 Before the Erll of arteas
 He sayde tak thare thi Wormys hede
 For all is myne that here is leyd
 Thou syttis now in my place

It was grete pite for to heire
 Duben he callyt in cristabell his feire
 Art thou now in the see
 Gode that deit on rude Werraly
 Of thi saull mot haue mercy
 And off thi yowng son fre
 The Erll yede i take the four
 for serones of sir eglemore
 Euer mare wa hym be
 He sayde gentill men gode yow lat
 All that ordyr off knyghtsode Will haue
 Rise up i cum to me
 Thai war full sayne to Wyth his Will
 Up thai rase i come hym till
 He gaf tham ordyr lone
 In that hall for outyn bade
 xx. knyghtis thare he made
 On the morne at none
 Thai that lyfill hade euer ilhone
 He gaf tham lande to lif apou
 On cristabellis saull to mene
 Ande syne lordyngis I vnderstande
 He take the way to the haly lande
 Dubar gode on rude Was done
 Sir eglemore as ye may heire
 Duellis thare bot. xv. yhere
 The bethyn folke amang
 Sadoghtely be hym bare
 Dubare ony dedis of armys Ware
 Agaynis tham that liffie in Worang
 De the. xv. yhere Was gane

His son that the grefon hade tane
 He was bathe fytche & frang
 In batell na in tournament
 Thare myght na man fyt his dynt
 Dot to the erde he cham dang
 Now is degrebell was in wyght
 The kyng of israel made hym lmyght
 Iyffynnis lordis les & mare
 Dubat kyn armys that he bare
 Oyf ye wil vnderstande
 He beris in a fount a grefon al golde
 Richely portrat on the molde
 And in his clutris hyngande
 A man chyld in skarlat mantill wondyn
 Wich a gude goldyn gyrdill bo wondyn
 As he was broghe to lande
 The kyng of israel wox alde
 Till degrebell his son he talde
 I walde thou hade wyte
 Till I list my son la dere
 Duben I am dede thou as na pere
 Thi riches is la ryfte
 A mekynger standis belyde the kyng
 In egyp wōnys la wete a chying
 I knaw nane fyt on lyfe
 The kyng of egyp has at his wōme
 Sall na man haf fyr that is borne
 Dot he wyn fyr wich lmyte
 The kyng weteris be the rude
 We will noghe let & scho be gude
 Now gude lone buske the wythe

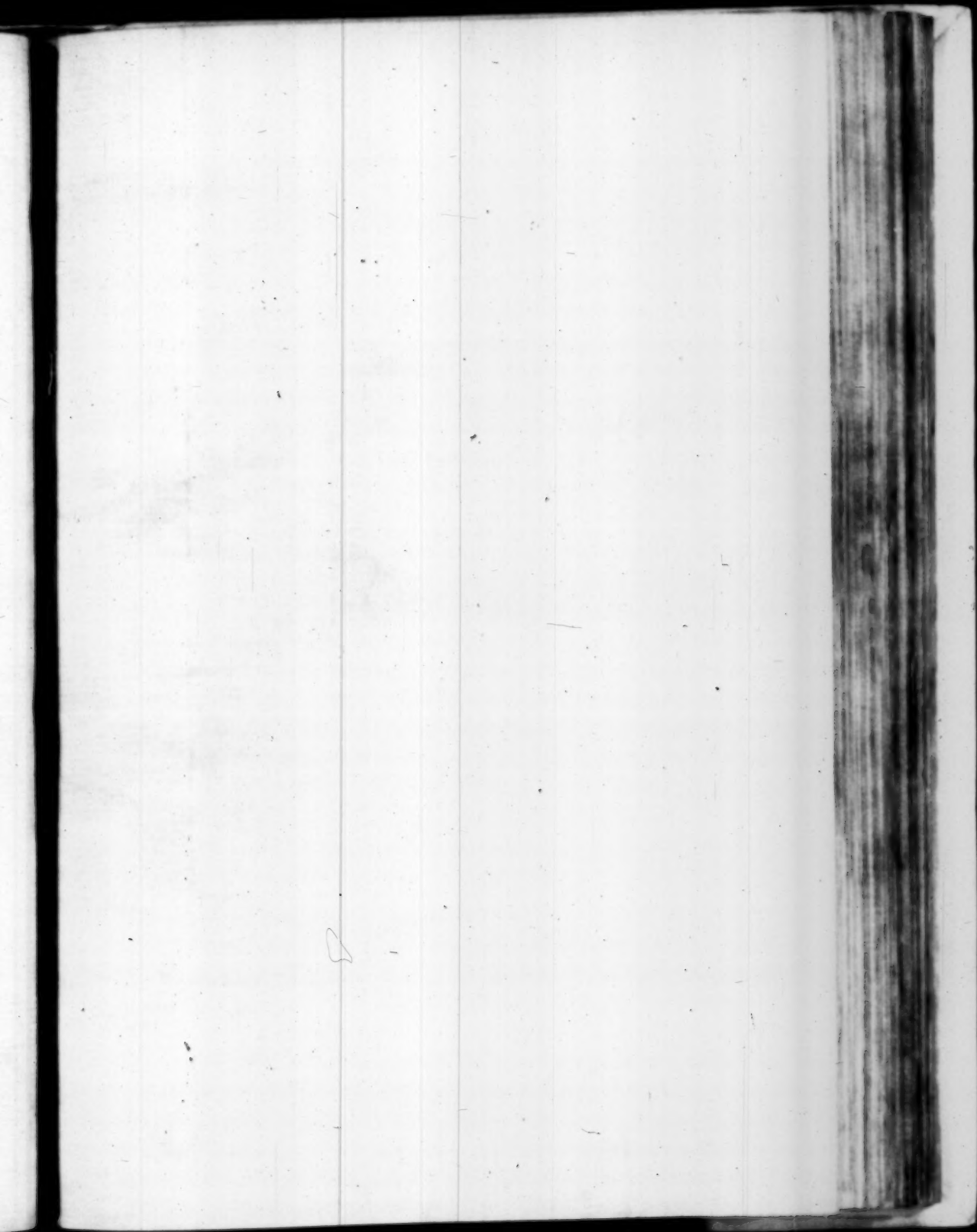
Rycheþe þai made þam yare
 Þare purvians to ſchyp þai bare
 To pas þa watteris lyghte
 De a wight wotris war cūyn till ende
 In lande of egyp can be leynde
 Þare cūmyns for to trye
 Son degrebell the kyng can lay
 S wyche dres the in the beſt aray
 Gode ſende the cythandis blythe
 Welſpyngertis went be fore to tell
 Here cūys the kyng of iſrael
 Wyth ane la ſtute menybe
 The prince his ſon with mony knyghte
 For to ſe that lady bryghte
 Oyf that thi willis be
 He prayis the of thi herby
 For hym & his cōpany.
 Leſtande dayis the
 The kyng layde J fro W J ſall
 Frynd gude geſtenyng for þam all
 Dere Welcum ſall þai be
 Crowmpetis in top caſtellis rale
 The kyng to the lande gais
 His knyghtis war clede in pall
 His yhoung ſon as ye may heire
 Of elde that was bot. xv. yere
 ybede before þam all
 The kyng of egyp ſwiche gais
 The tobir kyng be the hande tays
 And lede hym in the hall
 He ſaide gude ſy: p cheryte

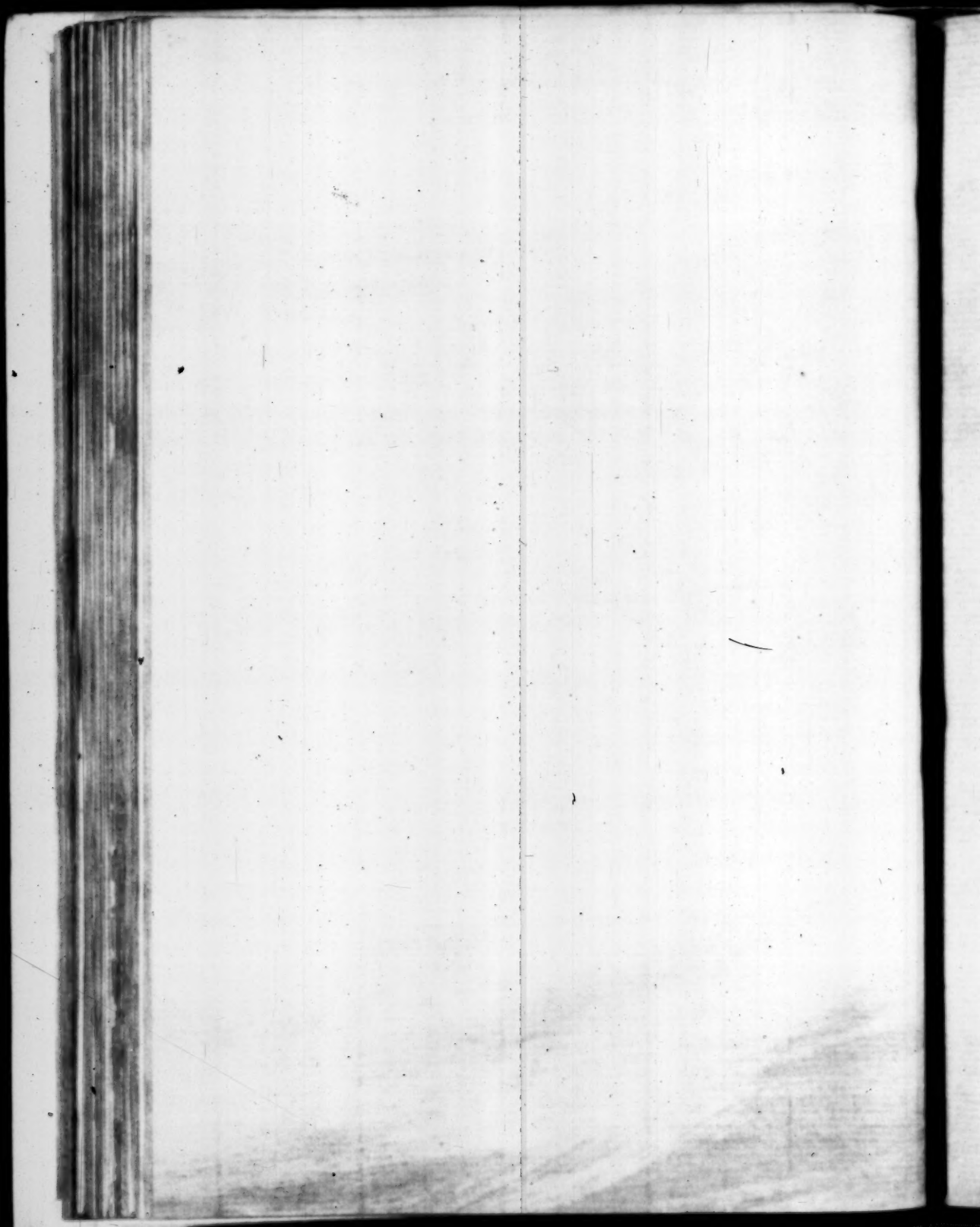
That we myght se thy lady fre
 Is quyre as bane of quhale
 The lady was of cyprus broght
 With many handis as scho war broght.
 Di herbyn oure of tre
 Hyr alonlon shude i hyr behelde
 Weill war hym that the myght weilde.
 Till hym seibyn layde he
 The kyng of israel alhyt hyr: Eme
 Gyf scho myght wende a toure the strene
 His sonys wyfe to be
 He layde sir kyng gyf that he may
 Set me a schaft to morne at day
 Thi alhyt grant I the
 Durdis was set till hall thay went
 The trypatis blew to met thay went
 Thai made a ryalle chere
 Thir kyngis. ii. the des began
 Sir degrebell i his moder than
 For thay war lyb full ner
 Thir knyghtis went to letis J wys
 Ilbesquyer till his alon seruys
 to sert his lorde la dere
 And lone efeit met went thai
 The clerkis can the grace lay
 In hall as yhe may here
 On the moone quhen day sprang
 Gentill men till armys thiang
 Degrebell was lone dyght
 The kyng of israel can allay
 A say: seylde that ilke day

Wyth many a nobill knyght
 Grete lordis quhen thay hym se
 That spere quhat man may yhoune be,
 That weris the griffou ryght
 Herrotis of armys can tham tell
 yhoune is the prince of israel
 De War for he is Wyght
 The kyng of Egypte a schate
 The prince lone has ane oyr clawght
 Thoght he was neuer la hene
 A gayne the kyng he made hym bolwe
 Darhe hors i man he strake all doune
 To the grovnde la grene
 Schyr: degrebell o: he walde rest
 Thre grete schaffris in so wonder he best,
 For y lady schene
 the kyng sayde than la gode me luff
 Thou art maist worthy hyr: to haff
 Sa say thay all bedene
 Now grete lordis can oy: assay
 And squeris on the tothyr day
 That doghty War in deide
 The kyngis, si, chare trewehis plyght
 And cristabell that ilke nyght
 Till hyr thay can hyr lede
 Throu myght of gode la has he spedde
 His aWn moder can he wedde
 As clerhis in butis can reide
 Scho laW his armys hym beforne
 An thoght on hyr chyld a way was borne
 Scho wepyt as scho war Wade

He sayde quhat aylis the lady clere
 Duby wepis thou i matris syt chere
 It lenys thou has forhoght
 Sir in thi armys a foul Jie
 That sum tyme bare a way fra me
 A chyldre full dere J bobgt
 In a skarlat mantill wondyn
 With a goldyn gyrdill boundyn
 That richely was wroght
 The kyng of israel layde be goddis myght
 In my fourch couche bryght
 A gype to lande hym broght
 He comaundyde a luyer þ was heynde
 Efter the gyrdill for to wende
 The coffyn it was in laye
 Fourche he broght tham full rathe
 The mantill i the gyrdill bache
 That richely was grathie
 Allace layde the lady tre
 This war rest me on the see
 In woonyng than scho braide
 How lang tyme the kyng can say
 Ev, where þ me say
 That sentie till all scho layde
 Quod degrebell with outyn hade
 Fine anyre lye maryage haf we made
 In the spryng of may
 The kyng layde la gode me lasse
 Will scho any of my Erllis haffe
 He answeryt hym full lene
 Loude J halde yhour Erllis gude

Sa do I my moder be the rule
 I weddyt hyr before none
 Thare sall name haf hyr be mary
 Dot he that Wynnys hir doghtely
 As I my self has done
 Ilke lorde till oyr can lay
 For hyr luf We Will turnay
 With swerdis in oure hande
 Dubala may Wyn þ lady clere
 For till haf hyr till his fere
 Dubare that by myhtis to leynde
 Herrotis of armys furt he War sent
 For to cry that turnament
 In ilke landis ende
 Sir eglemore Was hame Wart bome,
 And herde of this deide of grete renome
 And thynnder Walde he Wende
 Grete lordis þ herde that cry
 Tidoir thai come full redy
 Als fast as thap myght fare
 The kyng of lo Woan dyd alsa
 And oyr lordis mony ma
 That ryche colaris Ware
 Sir eglemore thoght he Was last
 He Was noght Wert for till oute cast
 The knyght Was clede in care
 fra cristabell Was done to se
 Efter Wart slyk armys bare he
 Lyllynnis I Wil yhold tell
 He beris of ayour a schyp of golde
 Richely portrait on the molde





That with hym baldely Walde I seghe
 War he neuer la Wode
 All hale the folke sayde now
 Best worthy lorde art thou
 Till hat that frely fide
 Till vnarme than lordis gays
 Short coris atouart than rays
 To mete tha can tha Wende
 The doghty knyght þ Wan the gre
 Was marichalyt with that lady fre
 Scho frant hym as hir freynde
 De quhat reton þ he dare
 the schyp of golde with mast i art,
 He answeryt as the heynde
 My lady i my yhoung lon
 Danyell to the se War done,
 And thare tha made thar ende
 Ina Wlage of hym can scho la
 And sayde gude sir how fell it la
 At thay War brought to growndes
 I Was in a far cuntre
 Hyr fader dyd thaim to the se
 Wyth the Wallis to founde
 Men callis me quhare I borne Was
 Syr eglemore of arteas
 That with a Worme Was Wondit
 In Wonyng fell that lady fre
 Welcum sir scho sayde to me
 Dere hall I boght the are
 Wo scho lat i falde hym lone
 How that scho to the see Was done

With sorow & with care
 Of this war gyfyn gyfthis fre
 That thai myght þ better be
 To sende thai thar noght spare
 It is full such be gode of hevyn
 That mony metis at vnter hevyn
 And sa be sell it thare
 The kyng of israel be gan to tell
 Hou þ he lande degrebell
 In myghtis lyste mynne than
 Schir eglenore lat do wne on his kne,
 And sayde sir kyng gode yhelde the
 Thou has made hym a man
 That kyng than sayde I sall hym gyf
 Half my lande quibill I may lif
 Till my son quibill as swan
 The kyng of soldane sayde alwa
 I sall hym gyf organarba
 He menys son thou by: wan
 The knyght be prayis this kyngis the,
 In arteas at his weddyng to be
 His lykyn for so haf
 That grantyt hym bathe mare & les
 The grette lordis thare was
 Jesu crille than lat
 In myghtis dukis I understande
 And ryche ladyis of þ lande
 All maner of man to schyp gays
 Crispetis in top castellis rale
 A cumly wynde than drasse
 Thow myght of gode þ faire naf

In arteas vp that raffe
 All ac lityng passyt the see
 The wrl of arteas in a hymell shude
 Saw gentill men to lande yeld
 And knyghtis cill hors can dryffe
 fra be herde of sir eglemore
 he fell oute of a castell cource
 And brate his neke belyffe
 A mellenger went a gayne to sell
 Dubar a winteris þeare besell
 With gode may na man stryffe
 Thus in arteas ar that lent
 Effer the Emptoure hat thay lent
 Till that maryage la fre,
 Duba Will cum to the mangery
 Dere Welcun sail thay be
 Syre glemore to lityl can ga
 Sir degrebell i org anatha
 That lady bryght on ble
 The kyng of israel sayde J sail yhou gyt
 Half my lande cill J may lif
 Duke Weill all effer me
 With mythe this maryage was made
 xv. dayis all thare a bade
 A mang thir lordis beynde
 And syne for luche as J yhou say
 Jke man take his awn way
 Dubare þe hym lityt to leynde
 Menstralyo war gydyn gyffris fre
 That that myghe the better be
 The baldelyar to dispende

In come this romans crowmye is
 Jesubryng us till his blis
 That lettis for o weyn ende

Explicit

Salade

In all oure gardyn growis thare na flouris
 Herbe nor tree þ frute has boune this yere
 The leys ar doun schakyn wich þ schouris
 The synble faut in oure grene herbere
 The birds þ bene wount to spynge here
 In all this may vnele has longin thule
 And all of dangere is oure g ardener
 And gentile is put quite out of seruce

Quhat þ J mene be this J dar noght speke
 For J na dare my hert it is to sare
 Na neuer sall J me revenge na wieke
 Dot on my self all thogh J huld forfar
 Saufand beaute J can pille na mare
 Of byt þ was wont to be gudeliest
 And luth it is i sene in all our quhare
 No erdly thing dot for a tyme may less

Sen in this Warld thare is no schernes
 Dot i as mon all i end mon every thing is
 J tak my leue at all vntedfastnes

